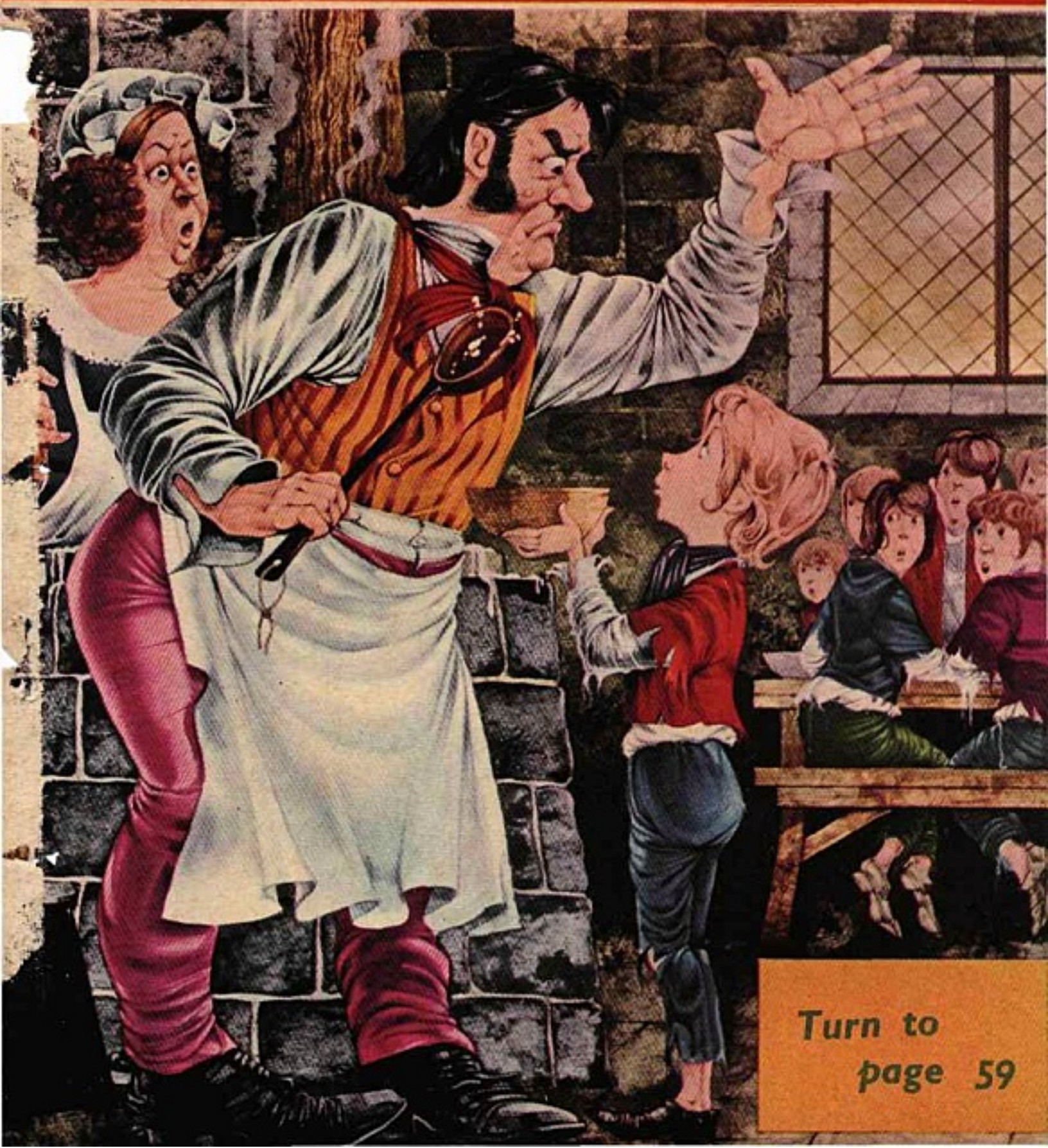


# CHANDAMAMA

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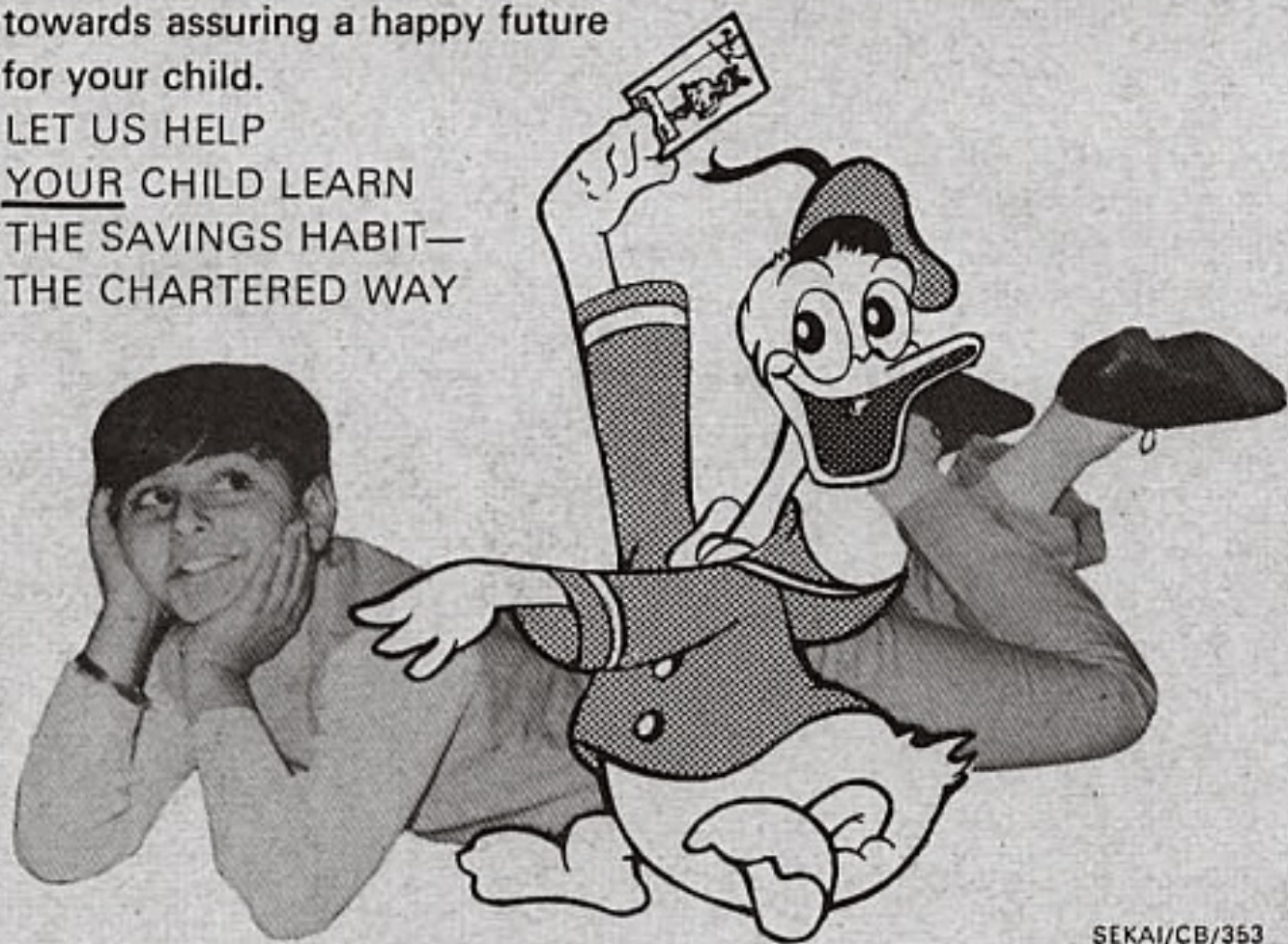
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## Born Lucky

Pitambar was the local pawnbroker, and although he greeted every customer with a cheery word and a broad smile, he could wring blood out of a stone. Consequently he was extremely rich and his miserly instinct saw to it that not even the smallest coin was ever wasted or squandered.

It came about that the community centre in the village was organising a musical performance, at which a great Bhagavathar would deliver a discourse on the glory of the gods. When Pitambar was asked to buy tickets, he could hardly believe his ears. "Waste money on a thing like that," he fairly shouted. "I prefer to go to bed early and save my money."

But Pitambar's wife was keen to go, and argued and pleaded with her stubborn husband. In the end she said. "Look, if you go and listen to just the first three sentences of what is said, you would realise how good it is."

Pitambar, tired of listening to his wife, grumpily agreed to attend the performance.

On the evening of the show, it seemed as though the whole village was there, jostling and pushing in order to get the best seats. Pitambar and his wife managed to find two seats and he sat there determined to have a miserable evening.

In the midst of all the babbling noise, the village headman stood up and at the top of his



voice shouted. "Friends, I welcome you here tonight."

"That's the first sentence," Pitambar said, giving his wife a nudge.

Just then the Bhagavathar entered the hall, and practically everyone stood up in order to get a better view. At this, the headman jumped up and shouted, "Will you all please sit down."

Pitambar gave his wife a dig in the ribs and muttered. "That's the second sentence."

Minutes went by, and everyone was fidgeting with impatience and the air was blue with tobacco smoke. Then the headman stood up and announced, "The police inspector is here, and says everyone must stop smoking."

"Well that's the third sentence, and I have had enough," Pitambar growled. And with that he got up and pushed his way along the row, and hurried out of the hall. By the time he reached home he was in such a towering temper, he forgot to close the front door, let alone lock it.

Soon Pitambar was in bed snoring his head off. With nearly everyone at the musical show, three robbers from a

neighbouring village were prowling around, hoping to find something to steal. When they saw Pitambar's door was ajar, they decided they were on a good thing and quietly tiptoed into the house.

Eventually they found their way into Pitambar's bedroom, but no sooner were they in the room, when Pitambar in his sleep muttered, "Friends I welcome you here tonight."

The three robbers looked at each other in astonishment and then at the sleeping figure, who suddenly turned over and muttered. "Will you please sit down."

The robbers were sure that Pitambar must be awake, and they started to tiptoe to the door. Then Pitambar grunted and in his sleep and said, "The police inspector is here..."

The robbers didn't wait to hear anymore, and were off like scared rabbits, and never stopped running until they were back in their own village.

---

## RIDDLES

1. What did the cow say when it was moved from one field into another?
2. Where do the biggest potatoes grow?

## ANSWERS

1. Moo! 2. In the ground.

---





## Imaginary Evidence

The great Mogul Emperor, stormed up and down his audience chamber, occasionally stopping to cast a withering look at the servants, who were standing in an uneasy line along one wall. Each of the servants stood there shivering with fright, for a costly gem was missing from the Emperor's safe, and they knew full well that they would all receive a merciless flogging if the culprit was not discovered.

At last, Birbal the Emperor's adviser, strode into the audience chamber and stood there, eyeing each servant. "The thief is not hard to find," he said

in cold, hard voice. "In the safe I found traces of straw, and I am sure that the rogue who stole the jewel will have a wisp of straw clinging to his beard."

Involuntarily, a servant at the end of the row, put up his hand and started to feel his beard. Great was his shock when Birbal ordered him to come forward. The servant took one look at the emperor's thunderous brow, and fell on his knees and in a voice quaking with terror confessed and begged the emperor to show him mercy.



# THE MAGIC GOLDFISH



The fisherman opened his wrinkled hand and the goldfish slipped back into the sea.

An old fisherman, who never had any money, lived with his wife in a poor hut made of wood and straw. One day he went down to the beach as usual and cast his net into the sea.

When he pulled it out he found he had got a load of wet sand. He tried again and collected a netful of brown seaweed. He tried his luck for the third time and caught a small goldfish which, to his great astonishment, spoke to him:

"Be kind to me, fisherman. Put me back in the water and save my life, and I promise you a great reward."

The fisherman smiled. "I'm a poor man," he said, "but I don't need any reward just for being kind."

He opened his wrinkled hand and the goldfish slipped back into the sea.

"Thank you," the little fish called out as it vanished. "If



ever you need something, come and call me."

The fisherman tried his luck again for an hour or two and then slowly walked back to his home.

"Haven't you caught anything at all?" demanded his wife.

"Nothing at all, but I'm happy just the same," replied the fisherman. "I made friends with a fish. It was a talking goldfish and asked me to set it free. It said it would reward me, but I let it go for nothing".

"You stupid man. you should have asked for a reward," shouted his wife. "Look at this old wash-tub. It leaks so much that soon it will not hold water. I need a new one."

"Very well," nodded the fisherman. Returning to the beach, he called out, "Little fish, where are you?"

The goldfish appeared in the clear, calm water. "What do you want?"

"My wife wants a new wash-tub, because the old one leaks"—

"Go back home," interrupted the goldfish. "She will have a new tub."

Happy, the fisherman went back and found his wife looking at a shiny new wash-tub. "Are you pleased now, dear

wife?" he asked.

"Pleased?" she snapped back. "This magic goldfish can do even better than that. Go and ask it for a new house."

Away went the fisherman again and called to the fish. "What do you want now?" it asked.

"To tell the truth, I want nothing," the fisherman said. "But my wife would like a new house."





"Very well," the fish replied.

It plopped back into the sea and the fisherman returned to find his wife outside an elegant new house with white walls and a roof of red tiles.

"You don't look very pleased, my dear," he said.

"Why should I be pleased with a house such as this?" demanded the wife. "I have changed my mind. What I want is a grand palace made of marble, and dresses and jewels for myself. Go back and talk to your fish friend again."

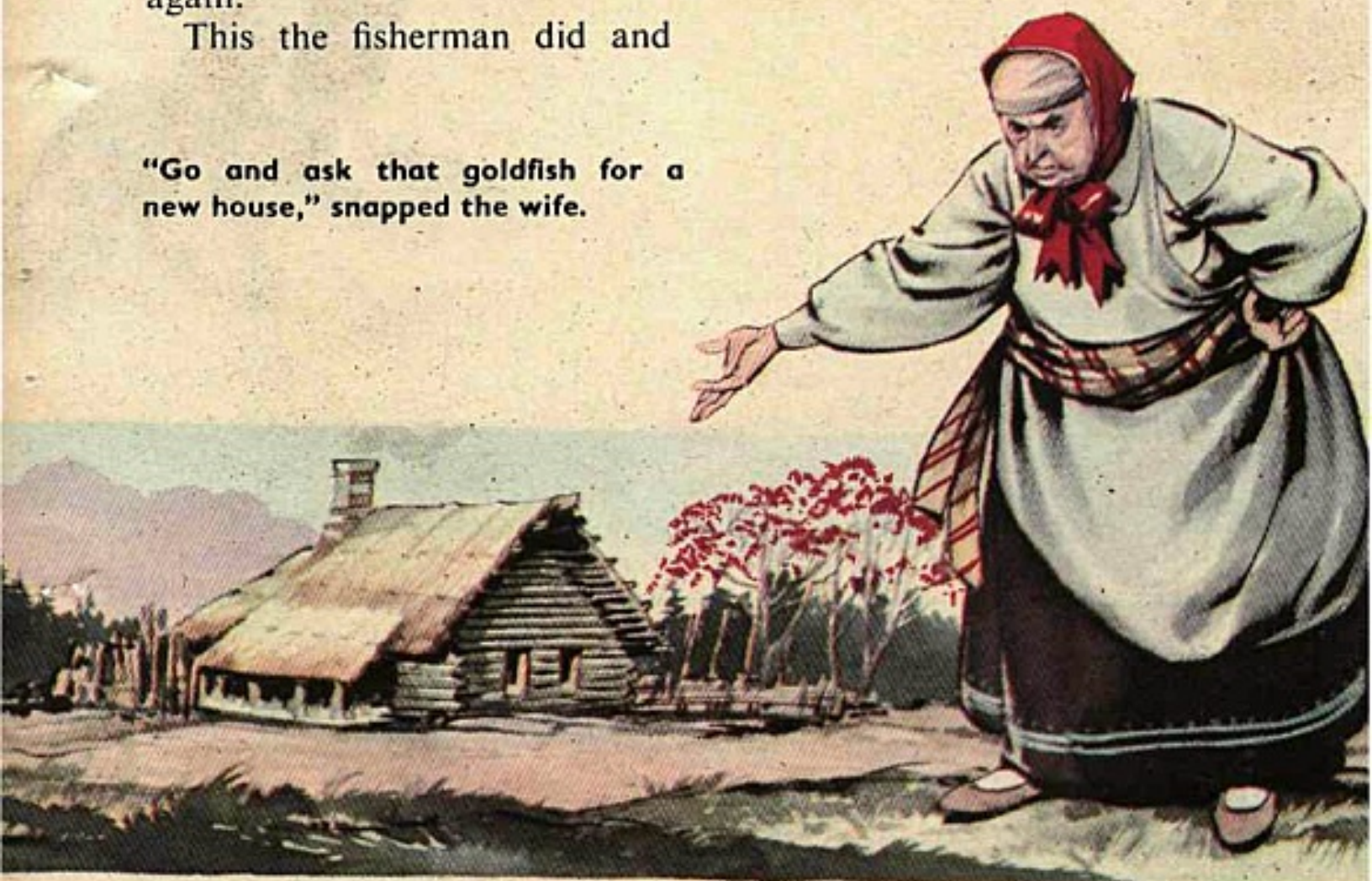
This the fisherman did and

"Go and ask that goldfish for a new house," snapped the wife.

returned a little later to find his wife in a grand palace, with fine clothes and jewels, surrounded by servants.

"My dear wife," he gasped. "You look like a princess."

"Only a princess?" snapped the wife. "In that case I want to be a queen with a golden crown and rule over all the land and sea. People, animals, birds and fishes shall be my slaves. Go and tell that to your goldfish!"





Shaking his head, the fisherman went back. The sea looked dark and stormy.

"Little fish," he called out.

The goldfish appeared. "What do you want?" it asked.

"My wife wants to be queen of land and sea," said the fisherman. "She wants even the fish to be her slaves——"

Before he could finish, the goldfish leapt back into the sea with a plop and disappeared without a word.

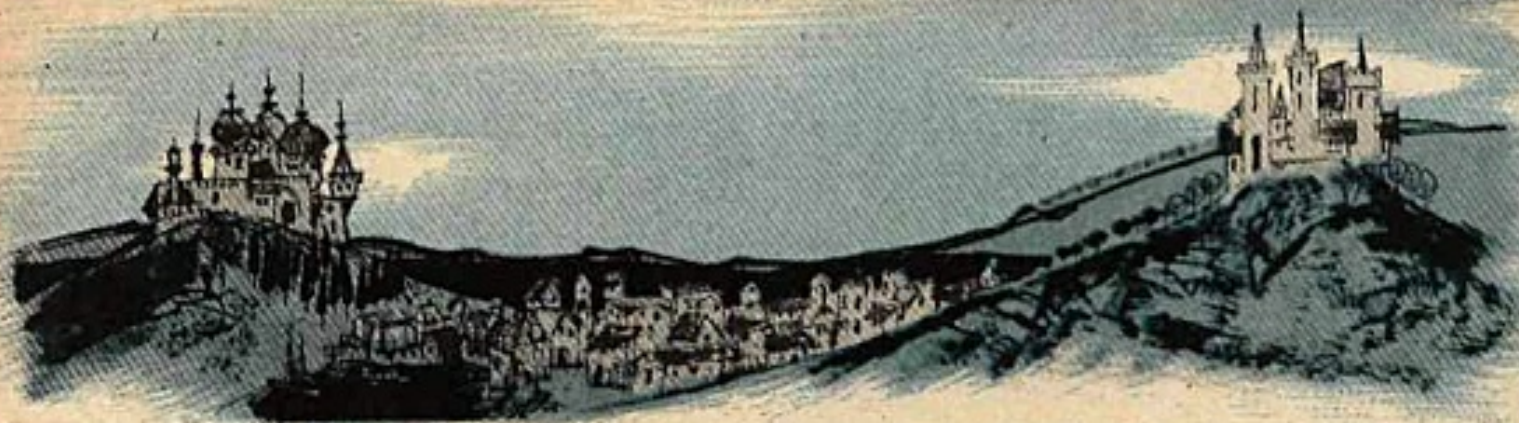
The fisherman walked slowly back. The marble palace had

vanished, and his greedy wife was sitting outside their old wooden hut, washing the clothes in her old leaking tub.



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# THE PRINCE AND THE BIRDS

Once, in a place called Granada, in Spain, there were two big palaces. They stood on top of two hills, above the city. One was built of fine red stone and the other was yellow.

In the yellow stone palace, there lived a Moorish prince named Ahmed. He had never seen outside the palace, for the court magicians had told his father that when Ahmed grew up, he would travel to a far country to seek a beautiful princess and it was thought that if he did so, he might never return. As he was the only son, the king kept him shut up in the palace with only his tutor for company.

Ahmed had no friends and no girls were allowed near the

palace, for his father thought that if he never saw a girl, he would not be able to fall in love.

The prince grew very clever, for he had nothing to do but his lessons. He was very lonely and he often looked over at the red palace, which he could see from his window and longed to be there. It seemed always full of people and there was music and dancing and plenty of fun and merriment.

Sometimes the prince asked his tutor about the world outside, but the tutor had been warned to tell him nothing at all.

One day a dove flew in through the prince's window and landed exhausted on the bed. The prince picked the



bird up and gave it food and water. Then he put it into a beautiful golden cage.

To his surprise, when he went



to see the dove that evening, there were tears in its eyes.

"Poor little bird, why are you crying?" asked Ahmed.

"I am crying because I miss my love who is very beautiful and waits for me in a far country," said the bird. "I called here only to rest on my journey, for I was tired and hungry. I have been away from home for a long time and I want to return. I do not wish to live in a cage, even a golden one."

The prince sighed. "I would gladly leave home for a long time," he said, "but I am never allowed out of the palace. I am often lonely and unhappy here."

"That is because you have no one to love," said the dove. "Love, what is that?" said the prince looking puzzled.

The dove put its head on one side and looked at him in amazement. "Love is impossible for one but brings great happiness for two," it said at last.

"Tell me more about it," said the prince. "How can I find this thing called love? Perhaps if I could find it I would be less unhappy."

The dove sighed. "I am



afraid I cannot help you," it said. "But I would like to fly away now."

The prince opened the door of the golden cage and the bird flew away.

A few weeks later, Ahmed awoke to find the dove perched on his windowsill again. It told him of a beautiful princess who lived in a far country. "I will write a letter to her," said Ahmed and he gave the dove a letter to take to the princess. Some days later it returned again. This time it carried a portrait of the princess and she was so lovely that Ahmed decided to set out at once to seek her.

He did not know how to start, so he went down the garden to an old oak tree in which lived a wise old owl. The owl did not know how to find the princess, but promised to take Ahmed to a wise old crow.

The owl showed the prince how to fasten a rope to the oak tree and use it to swing up and over the high wall around the palace.

After a long journey, they reached the town of Seville where the crow lived. The crow told them to go to

Cordova and ask the parrot who lived in the courtyard of the Grand Mosque there. "He is said to be a thousand





years old and he knows everything," said the crow.

When the old parrot saw the portrait of the princess, he said, "That is the princess Aldegunda. She lives in Toledo, shut up in a high tower. There she will stay until the king has found a suitable prince for her to marry."

The prince set out for Toledo, but when he saw the thick walls of the princess's tower, he despaired of getting in, so he sent the owl in through the window with a message. The princess was overjoyed. "Tell your prince that tomorrow is my birthday and a great tournament will be held," she said. "My father will marry me to the victor." Then she sent the prince her scarf to wear.

The prince was even more unhappy for he had no horse and armour and he was not used to fighting skilled knights. However, the owl flew away and some time later he returned with a stork. "Come with us," said the owl and the prince followed them out on to the plain.

Soon they reached a cave. The stork tapped with his beak on a large stone and it swung back.

"Here is your horse and armour," said the owl. "The stork is old and he remembers how, many years ago, the Spaniards conquered this part of the country. They drove out the Moors, who now live in your part of the country, but one of the chieftains swore he would return and fight again. He left his horse and armour in this cave.

"They have magic powers and whoever wears the armour will be safe while the sun is rising higher in the sky. The sword will strike down all enemies and the armour will keep him safe, but when the sun is overhead at noon, the spell ceases."

Ahmed dressed in the armour and as soon as he mounted the horse, it carried him as swift as lightning to the field where the tournament was to be held. There, a herald asked his name, but before he could reply, a nearby knight said, "You are a Moorish prince from the South of Spain. No Moorish knave shall marry our fair princess."

At these words, Ahmed's horse reared and carried him towards the knight. The knight turned and rode towards



Ahmed at full speed but with a swift thrust, Ahmed's lance lifted him from his horse.

A dozen others flocked to take his place, but Ahmed defeated them all easily. At last there was no one left and Ahmed was just about to claim the princess, when he saw to his horror that the king himself was riding towards him.

Ahmed did not want to defeat the king, but with the magic weapons he had no choice. Down went the king, his crown rolling over and over. The next moment, the king's soldiers poured out on to the field to avenge their master. One of them shot an arrow and Ahmed felt it pierce his magic armour. He looked up and saw that the sun stood directly overhead. The magic had ceased.

Ahmed rode swiftly to where the princess sat and whispered in her ear. At once she leapt on the horse behind him and Ahmed rode from the field. The king's soldiers raced after him, but Ahmed's fine Arab horse left them all far behind.

At last they reached Granada again where Ahmed and his princess were married and lived happily in the yellow palace on the hill for the rest of their lives.



**Ahmed took the princess back to his palace in Granada.**



# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

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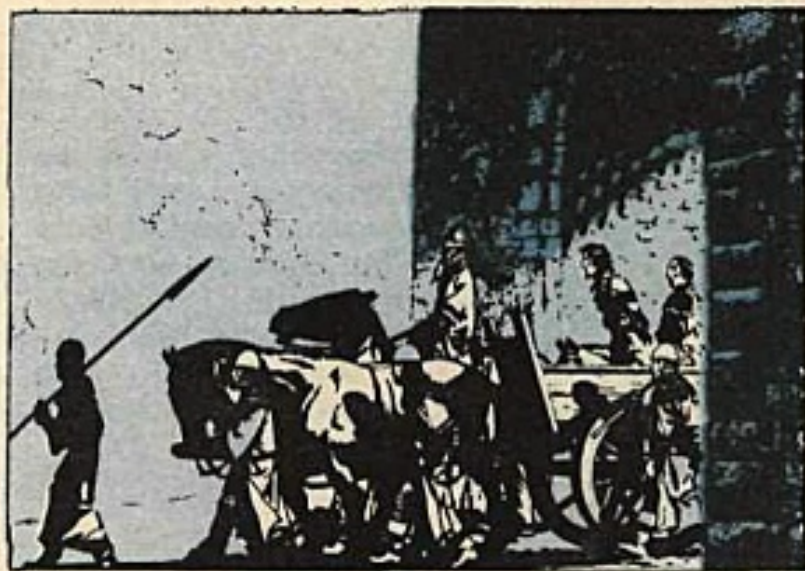
**Winning Entry — 'Smiling Faces' — 'Leaping Paces'**





The Sheriff of Nottingham has captured Robin Hood and ordered him to be taken to the market place to be executed. "All the people shall see how I deal with outlaws like this Saxon dog, Robin Hood," he announced.

Robin had to stand in a rough cart, while Robert the Wolf, the cruel Norman baron who was Robin's worst enemy, came to mock him. "This will be the end of you Robin Hood," he sneered. "And your friends will not be able to rescue you."



The gates of Nottingham were opened and the cart rumbled out on its way. Robin showed no sign of fear, but he could not help wondering where Friar Tuck and all his friends were, and whether they could save him.





However, Robin's merry men were all there, with cloaks covering their weapons. They mixed with the crowd and watched as the cart came into view. Much the Miller on one side of the market place warned his men to wait patiently for Friar Tuck's signal.



On the other side of the market place, Little John had another band of men waiting eagerly to help Robin Hood. "Nobody lifts a finger till the Friar gives the signal," he whispered. "Then we all fight like tigers."



Friar Tuck was there, his monk's habit concealed beneath a rough cloak. He watched Robin being thrust on to the platform, and he looked round to make sure that the men under Much the Miller and Little John were in position.



If Robin saw his disguised friends in the crowds, around the market place, he gave no sign of it. As he was forced to step up on the platform to be executed the watching people became still and very, very quiet.

The Sheriff of Nottingham felt overjoyed at what was about to happen. "This will be the end of Robin Hood" he said. "Yes, you have done well," replied Robert the Wolf "I feel sure Prince John will reward you for this."







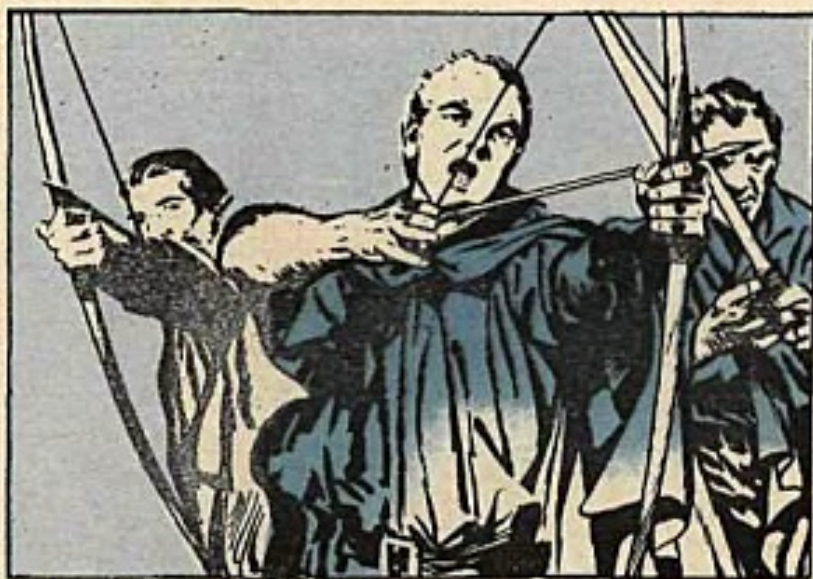
The hushed crowd stood watching, as Robin waited for what was to happen next. No one could tell whether he had seen his friends in the crowd. He simply stood there, knowing that his men would risk their lives to save him.

Very soon the torture would begin and still Robin could not see any of his merry men in the market place. The Norman soldiers stood all round the platform so that Robin could not escape, but at that moment Friar Tuck's voice rang through the air. "Three cheers for Robin Hood" he shouted.





It was the signal for all the Merry Men of Sherwood to reveal themselves. In a flash they whisked out their bows and arrows from under their cloaks and the battle began. The Norman soldiers were soon scattered by their deadly fire.



"Aim well, Shoot fast," roared Much the Miller to his men. The soldiers were taken completely by surprise and could do nothing except try to escape from those whistling arrows. The disguised outlaws seemed to be attacking from all sides.

Suddenly, Little John thundered a swift command to his band. With a stout cudgel in his hand, he led a charge on the Norman ranks. The soldiers were both dazed and bewildered and Little John with his men soon broke through to the platform, where Robin stood.







All the time the arrows whistled through the air, but the shooting was good and only the Normans were hurt. The Norman baron, Robert the Wolf was struck in the shoulder by a well aimed arrow and with a groan he fell to the ground.

The Sheriff was dismayed at this turn of events. Now Friar Tuck was on the platform, and with a mighty blow sent a soldier flying, and cut the ropes that tied Robin's arms. Little John leapt on the platform and knocked another soldier flying. "I knew you would come," said Robin. "Now we have to fight our way back to Sherwood Forest."



**ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE**





# MAHABHARATA

## *The story so far:*

Yudhishthira, the eldest son of King Pandu, was inveigled into a fatal game of dice and in his rashness lost all his worldly possessions, and he and his brothers, accompanied by their queen, Draupadi, had to undergo twelve years of exile, followed by one year in which they had to remain in total concealment.

The twelve years of exile had now ended, and the Pandava princes were resolved that once the year of concealment was over, they would claim their rightful kingdom, even if it meant going to war against their cousins, the Kauravas.

The old Kuru monarch,

Dhritarashtra, sightless and feeble, longed for peace with the Pandavas. But the unyielding Duryodhana, backed by the arrogant and boastful Karna, was determined to destroy the Pandavas. Their noble grand-sire Bhishma views the future with foreboding, but among Duryodhana's formidable allies is the venerable priest and warrior Drona.

At the hermitage in the forest, the Pandava princes and the brahmanas, who had willingly shared these long years of exile, sat silently in the clearing before the crude hutments, each thinking of the past and wondering what the future held in store.





Yudhishtira slowly stood up and addressing the brahmanas said. "O brahmanas, the time has come for us to part. As you know we were deceived by the sons of Dhritarashtra, and cheated out of our kingdom. We have managed to live through these twelve years of exile, and now we have to spend a year in concealment, ever afraid of being discovered by Duryodhana's spies. Before you depart, bless us and wish us well until the day dawns when we can meet again in our rightful surroundings."

Dhaumya the priest then

spoke. "Parting is always hard, and the dangers facing you are many, but you have proved yourselves to be wise and undaunted. A year will soon pass by, then like the great gods of the past, you will conquer your enemies and win prosperity."

Afterwards the Pandavas took leave of the brahmanas, and the five princes with Draupadi went deeper into the forest, to discuss how they should spend this year of concealment.

Turning to Arjuna, Yudhishtira asked. "Where do you think we should spend the thirteenth year?"

"O great king," replied Arjuna breaking into a smile. "Remember, the Lord of Dharma blessed us, so we can easily pass the twelve months together without being discovered. There are many kingdoms from which to choose, but I would suggest the Matsya country of King Virata would be the best."

"Well spoken brother," Yudhishtira said. "King Virata has always been a firm friend, and he is a man devoted to virtue, and would certainly not be frightened of Duryodhana. So let us agree on Matsya, and we should have no difficulty in finding work at the king's palace



Arjuna looked baffled. "Tell me brother, what type of work would you seek?"

Yudhishtira quickly answered. "I am thinking of asking Virata to take me in his service as a courtier. I could delight him with my conversation, and my skill in reading omens and my knowledge of astrology. In my disguise he will never recognise me. But what of Bhima? How is he going to hide his mighty figure?"

Bhima burst out laughing. "O king, I think I shall take service as a cook. You all know I have a great appetite and can prepare dainty dishes to tempt any king. Besides which, I could also delight the king by taking on any wrestlers that come to his court."

"Good," Yudhishtira said, approvingly. "Now what about you Arjuna?"

Arjuna hesitated a moment. "I think I shall offer my services as a dancing master and teaching the women to sing."

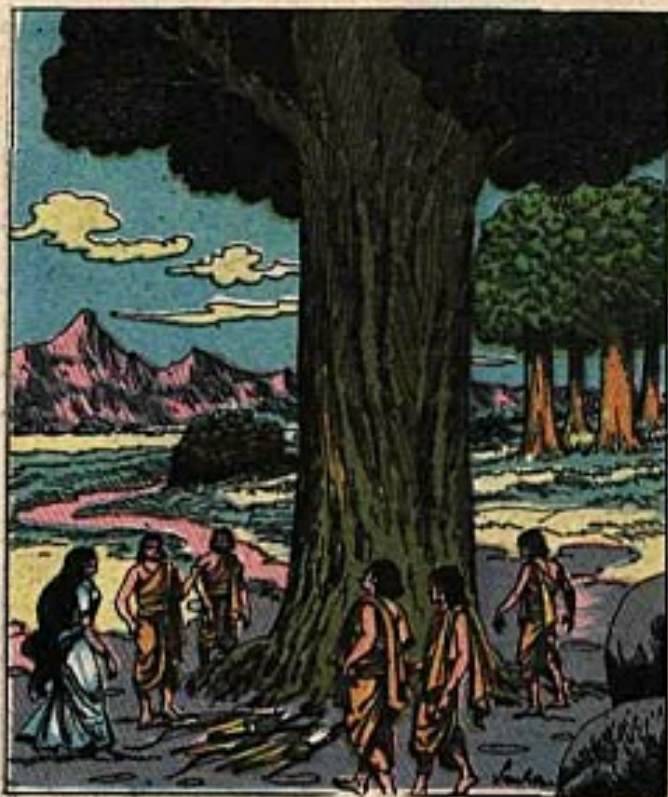
Yudhishtira then turned to Nakula and asked him what type of work he had in mind.

"I will look after the horses", replied Nakula cheerfully. "As you know I am good at training horses and understand

their ailments. I shall say that I tended to the horses of the Pandavas and I have no doubt Virata will take me in his service."

Sahadeva, the twin brother of Nakula, did not wait to be asked what work he had in mind. With a broad grin he announced. "Let Nakula look after horses. I shall tend the cows. Virata's cattle will be well protected from the ravages of disease and the attacks of wild animals."

When Yudhishtira looked at Draupadi, she sensed his embarrassment and with a twinkle in her eyes said. "Do not worry on my account. I







shall be a maid in the court of the queen. I can dress the hair of the queen and the princesses and keep them amused with small talk." Then as an after thought she added. "I shall say I served the princess Draupadi, and I am sure no one will recognise me."

Having decided on the roles they were to adopt, the princes choose suitable garb from clothing they had carefully stored through the years, for this year of concealment.

Yudhishthira disguised himself as a sanyasin. Arjuna trans-

formed himself into a dancing master, and his feminine air brought peals of merriment from the others. Bhima looked every inch a well-fed, contented cook, and Draupadi was the perfect demure hand-maid. Yet it was difficult to disguise their natural princely charm and bearing.

When they were ready to leave on their journey to Matsya, Arjuna gave a cry of horror. "Our weapons!" he cried. "I cannot leave my Gandiva bow behind."

"Do not worry." Yudhishthira chided. "Before we reach



Matsya, we will wrap our weapons in our old clothing and hide them well out of sight in the topmost branches of a big tree."

When they eventually reached the court of King Virata, the monarch eyed them with surprise, for they seemed to him born to command rather than to seek work as servants. At first he hesitated, but after listening to their eloquent pleas, gave each of them the post they desired.

Yudhishtira adopted the name Kanka, and became the king's constant companion. Bhima worked as the chief of the cooks, and often entertained the court by wrestling any who dared to challenge him. Arjuna assumed the name of Brihannala, and taught dancing and singing to the Princess Uttara, the daughter of King Virata. Nakula was



happy looking after the horses, and Sahadeva watched over the cattle.

The fair Draupadi who, if fate had been less cruel, should have been served by a retinue of servants, had now to pass her days serving Sudeshna, the queen of King Virata.





# THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WENT TO MARKET

A long time ago, in a country a long way away, there lived a little girl named Anna.

One day, Anna's mother sent her to market, to buy some meat for their dinner. "On the way back, stop and wash the meat in the stream, so that it will be all ready to cook," her mother told her.

Anna did as she was told. She bought the meat and on her way back, she stopped at the stream, but as she bent down to wash the meat, a stork flew down and snatched it out of her hand.

Anna wept loudly and called to the stork to give the meat back to her, for she had no money to buy any more and she knew her mother would scold her if she went back without any at all.

"Very well," said the stork at last. "I will give you your meat back, but only on condi-





tion that you bring me an ear of barley in exchange."

Anna ran at once to the field to look for an ear of barley, but she found none. There were only straw stalks, so she asked a straw stalk for a ear of barley which she could give to the bird.

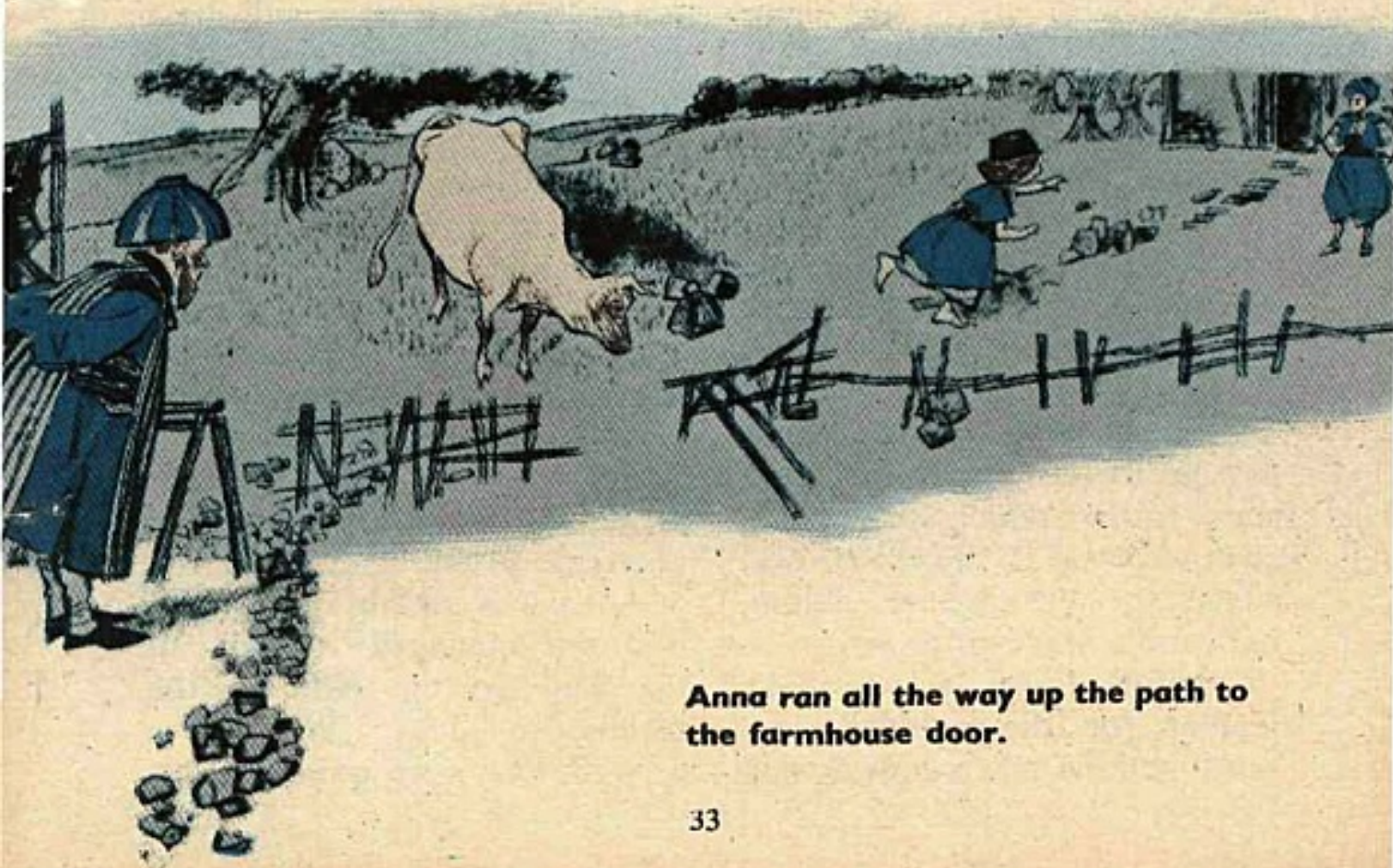
"There are no ears of barley because there is no rain," the straw stalk sighed. "But if you will pray to Allah for rain, I will gladly give you an ear of barley."

The little girl wanted an ear of barley very badly, so she prayed at once to Allah to

send the rain, but no rain came.

After a time, a man came past. He saw little Anna kneeling in the dusty road and he asked her what she was doing there.

"I am praying to Allah for rain," she replied. "If Allah sends the rain, the wheat stalk will give me an ear of barley. I can give the barley to the stork and he will give me back the meat he has stolen from me. I can take it home for my mother to cook and then she will not scold me, but first I need rain and Allah has not sent it."



**Anna ran all the way up the path to the farmhouse door.**



"If you want your prayer to reach right up to Allah, you must burn some incense," the stranger told her and went on his way.

At this, Anna hurried off to the bazaar-keeper, whom she knew sold incense. She told him that she wanted incense to burn to Allah, so that he would hear her prayer and send rain. Then she could get barley to give to the stork, who would give her back her meat. When he had heard her story, the bazaar-keeper agreed to give her the incense, if she would first go to the cobbler's and fetch his boots which were being repaired.

Anna went at once to the cobbler and asked him to give her the bazaar-keeper's boots, for this was the only way she could get the incense to burn, so that Allah would hear her prayer and send rain.

The cobbler agreed to give Anna the boots if she would first go to the tanner and fetch some leather which he wanted, so Anna went to the tanner and asked for the leather, telling her whole story once more.

"Before I can let you have leather for the cobbler, you must get me an ox-hide," said

the tanner. "To make leather I must have an ox-hide, but you can get one from the farm."

Anna ran all the way to the farm and went to find an ox. There he stood, swishing his tail and grunting as she came up to him, panting hard after her long run.

"Please will you give me some hide for the tanner?" begged Anna. "He must have hide to make leather and if he makes leather, I can take it to the cobbler, who will then give me the bazaar-keeper's boots. The bazaar-keeper will then let me have incense to burn to Allah who will hear my prayer and send rain. Then I shall have an ear of barley to give to the stork who has stolen my meat."

The ox listened to all this and swished his tail thoughtfully. Then he said, "Yes, I can let you have some hide for the tanner, but I am hungry. First you must go to the farmhouse over there and ask the farmer to give me a big bundle of straw to eat."

Anna was getting quite tired, but she managed to run all the way up the path to the farmhouse door. When she arrived, she was quite out-of-



breath.

The kindly farmer stood there waiting, while she got her breath back and once more she poured out her story.

"The ox is hungry," said poor Anna. "Please will you give me a nice big bundle of straw for him to eat? If you do, he will give me some hide. I shall take the hide to the tanner and the tanner will give me in exchange some leather, which I shall take to the cobbler.

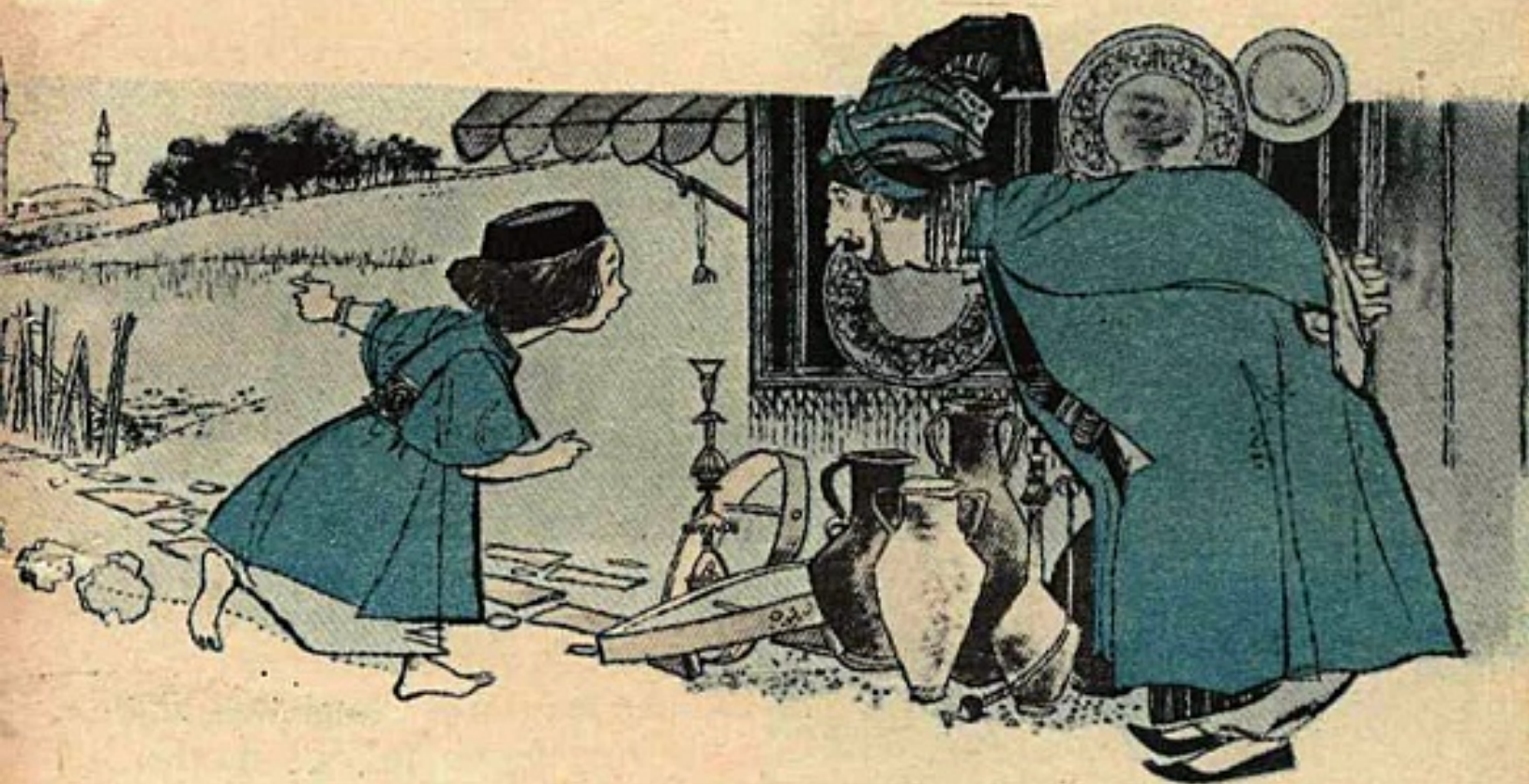
"The cobbler will then give me the bazaar-keeper's boots which he has repaired and I shall give them to the bazaar-

keeper in return for incense. When I burn the incense, Allah will hear my prayer and send rain.

"Then the straw stalk will be able to give me an ear of barley and I shall give it to the stork who has stolen my meat. He will give me back my meat and I will take it home to mother to cook, so that she will not scold me!"

The farmer beamed. "Certainly," he cried, "if you will just——"

Anna waited breathlessly, for she felt that she really could not go any farther, when the



**Anna asked the bazaar-keeper for incense to burn to Allah.**



**At long last, Anna was able to run home to her mother.**



farmer suddenly added, “—give me one kiss.”

Anna flung her arms round the kind farmer's neck and kissed him at once. Then she took the straw for the ox and he gave her the hide. She ran with the hide to the tanner and in return he gave her leather for the cobbler.

When she reached the cobbler's with the leather, he took it and gave her the bazaar-keeper's boots in return.

As soon as he saw that she had brought his boots, the bazaar-keeper gave Anna the incense she had asked for and Anna burnt it at once, so that her prayer reached Allah and he sent the rain.

Then Anna went back to the straw stalk and he was so pleased about the rain that he gave her an ear of barley at once. Anna gave the barley to the stork and he gave her the meat.

At long last, Anna was able to run home to her mother, who cooked the meat and they had a delicious dinner.





## THE SIKHS GO TO WAR

**T**he story of the British in India is a remarkable one. Equipped with all the resources of a Western civilisation, they penetrated and spread all over this ancient land and left a mark on its peoples which still has not been effaced. Among the benefits they brought in their train were roads, railways and modern transport, wealth

and industry and a vast irrigation system that made fertile agriculture for thousands of square miles on land where nothing profitable had ever grown before.

But the British also brought with them some of the worst aspects of colonialism which were applied to such a thoughtless degree that they alienated



a people who were so used to having foreign communities in their midst that they had become one of the most tolerant people on earth. The British, with their despotism, puritanism and a superiority complex which led to an attitude of condescending pity and flippant contempt towards everything Indian, eventually became a festering sore on the body of India, which could only be healed by their departure from the land.

The story of the British in India really starts in 1600, 102 years after Vasco da Gama had discovered the ocean route around the Cape of Good Hope, thereby arousing the greed of Portugal, France and Holland, who began a race to capture the rich Indian trade. Not to be outdone, the English East India Company joined in the rivalry, and quickly established trading posts at Madras, Bombay and Calcutta. The history of India from that time until 1757, when Robert Clive overthrew the French and laid the foundations of the rule of the East India Company, is one of long commercial struggles between Britain and her European rivals.

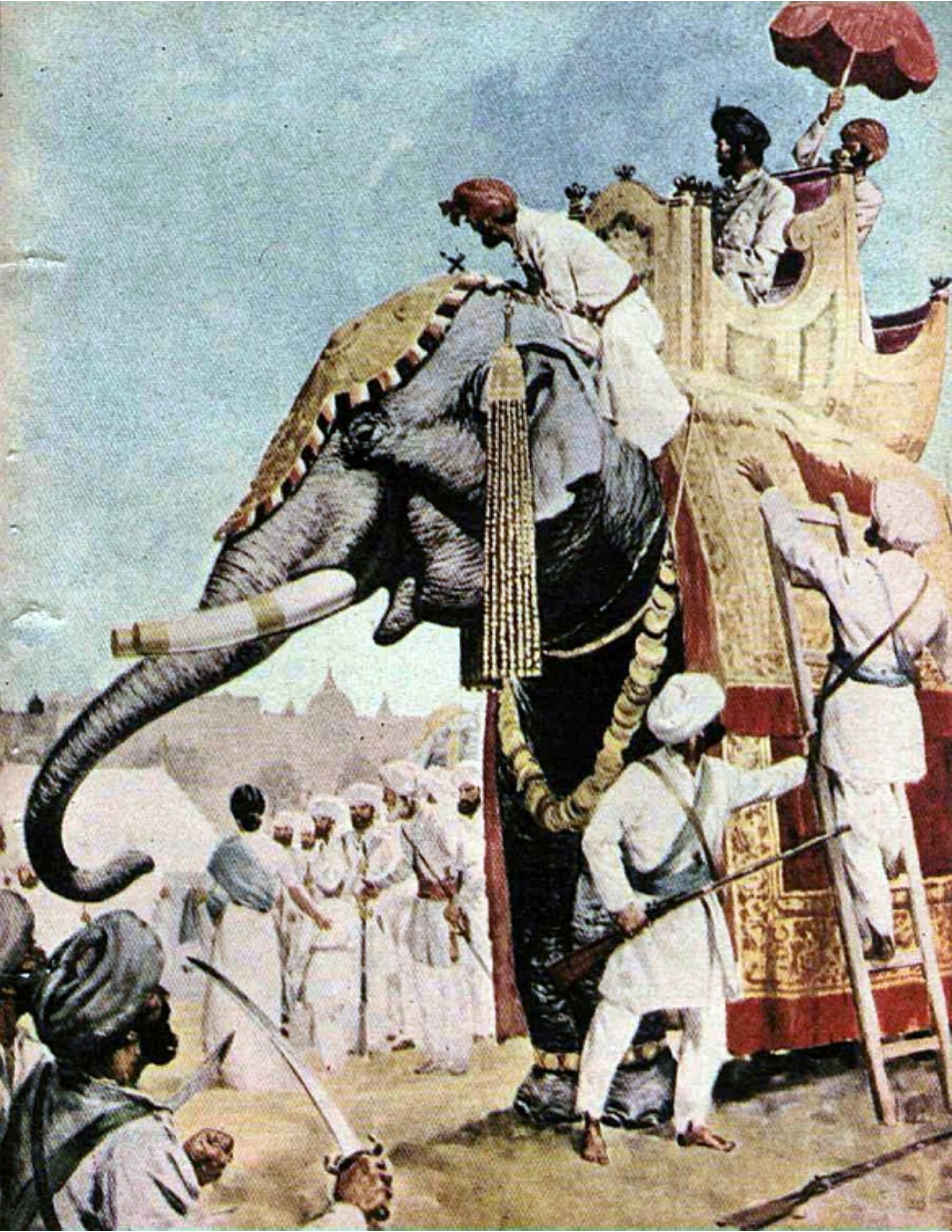
The decline of British prestige started with the Anglo-Sikh Wars, which began in 1845, and did not end until 1849. These wars, which modern historians have tended to ignore, were some of the bloodiest the British ever fought in India. More significantly, although they ended in victory for the British, they did a great deal of lasting harm to Anglo-Indian relations. It was from then onwards that the Indians began to actively dislike British presence in their country.

For the root causes of the wars we have to go back to the year 1809, when the Sikhs still ruled a vast area of India known as the Punjab. Here, the British had to reckon with Ranjeet Singh, a powerful, despotic leader with a flair for oriental diplomacy. Of all the Indian rulers, Singh was undoubtedly the most colourful and contradictory in character.

He ruled a nation by sheer force of intellect and his

*A ladder was placed against the Elephant, and a Sikh soldier went up it to kill the Prime Minister*







courage. He was a magnificent soldier who loved and respected his warriors, but he was capable of creating a regiment of 150 pretty girls mounted on white horses and armed with miniature bows and arrows, whose only purpose was to appear on parade to amuse him.

It was this man who was to contain British expansion until his death in 1839 at the age of 59. It was not, however, a complete victory. During his rule Singh concluded a treaty with the British in which it was agreed that they should form a protectorate south of an important river known as the Sutlej, thus curbing Singh's own plans, for expansion in that direction. In the not too far distant future the river Sutlej was to be stained with the blood of both Sikh and British soldiers.

The two years that followed the death of Singh were ones of violence and bloodshed in the Punjab as the various contenders for the throne systematically murdered each other, either by assassination or in pitched battles.

The survivors of this blood bath were the Maharani Jindan,

her young son, Duleep Singh, and her brother Jawahir Singh, who was almost permanently drunk. In the background there was the Khalsa, a religious and military community which had steadily grown more and more powerful over the years, and was now looking forward to the day when it could take on the British in battle. The Khalsa had now grown so powerful in fact, that it began to have dreams of driving the British completely out of India. But it was also realistic enough to realise that if this was to be achieved it was necessary for the seeds of mutiny to be sown throughout the Indian Army. To this end, soldiers were sent over the border lines disguised as holy men to corrupt the troops with the promise of double pay if they would join the Sikh army.

This scheme though was only a partial success. The Khalsa still had another problem in the shape of Jawahir Singh, who, as chief minister, had shown signs of undesirable independence by stubbornly refusing to discuss his decisions with them. On 20th September, 1845, the Khalsa formally took over control of the govern-



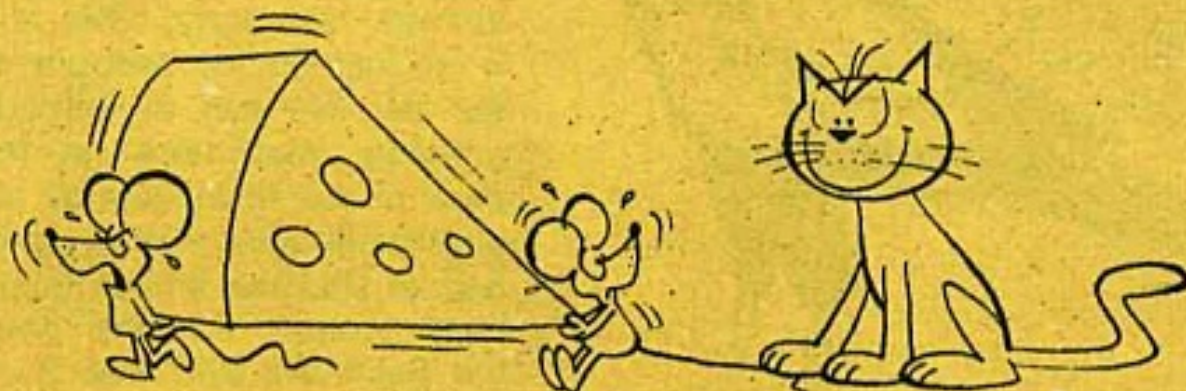
ment. As its first act it ordered the Maharani, her son and Jawahir Singh, and all government officials, to attend the Khalsa camp outside Lahore.

The scene which took place there was a horrifying one. On their arrival on the backs of elephants, they were greeted with a salute of 180 guns. Duleep Singh and his mother were escorted with great politeness and ceremony to a tent which had been prepared for them close by. Jawahir Singh's treatment was of a different order. A command was rapped out and a soldier went up a ladder which had been placed by Singh's elephant, stabbed him with a bayonet, and then flung him to the ground, where he was promptly hacked to death. Later in the day all

the members of the government were slain or sent off to imprisonment.

The Maharani was allowed to take over the government, but she quickly found that she was unable to control the army which was clamouring to attack the British. In the December of 1845, the Sikhs finally crossed the Sutlej and invaded British territory with a force of between 20,000 and 30,000 men. In front of them lay 10,000 British soldiers who were moving forward to defend Mudki, where the first pitched battle was to take place.

Finally the Sikh army was defeated, but these proud warriors were not crushed, and three years later war broke out again.



"Come on—what's the matter with you? I've got the heavy end!"



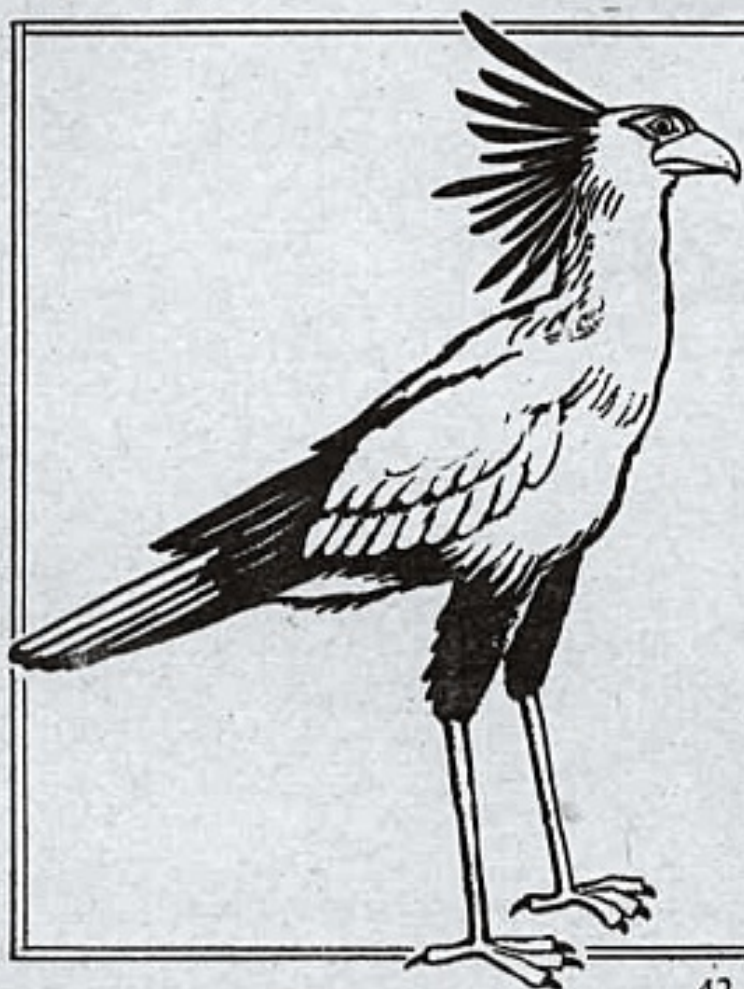
## WHY IS THE MOON LIKENED TO GREEN CHEESE?

Sometimes, when parents are tired and impatient, they say to their children, "You think the moon is made of green cheese!" What they are really saying is—'don't be silly!' A green cheese is a new cheese and could look like the moon in colour, shape and size. The saying is an old English one.



## WHY IS THE SECRETARY BIRD SO CALLED?

Look at our artist's drawing and with a little imagination, you will see that it does look rather like a dignified 'human' secretary. This bird is so named on account of the pen-like tuft of feathers growing 'clerk-wise' at the back of the head, just as we perhaps imagine a clerk out of one of Dickens' stories might have looked. At one time, the Secretary Bird was given another name on account of its likeness to an archer advancing to shoot.







# JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

Once upon a time in Greece there reigned a king whose name was Pelias. He was not the rightful king of his kingdom for he had taken the throne from his step-brother and driven him and his small son away.

The boy's name was Jason and he spent his childhood among the mountains, living in a cave, for his father feared that King Pelias might try to kill him.

Jason grew up to be big and strong and one day he decided



that he was tired of living in a cave in the mountains and it was time to return to his father's kingdom and take the throne from his uncle.

On his journey he came to a river that was in full flood. All the bridges had been washed away so using his spear as a staff, Jason felt his way through the swift flowing water.

Jason made his way to the palace and when his uncle saw him enter, he was very worried, for a prophetess had told him that one day a stranger, wearing only one shoe, would come to claim the kingdom and take his throne away from him. The king had not recognised the man as his nephew, Jason and because of the warning the prophetess had given him, he decided to be polite, until he had found out more about this

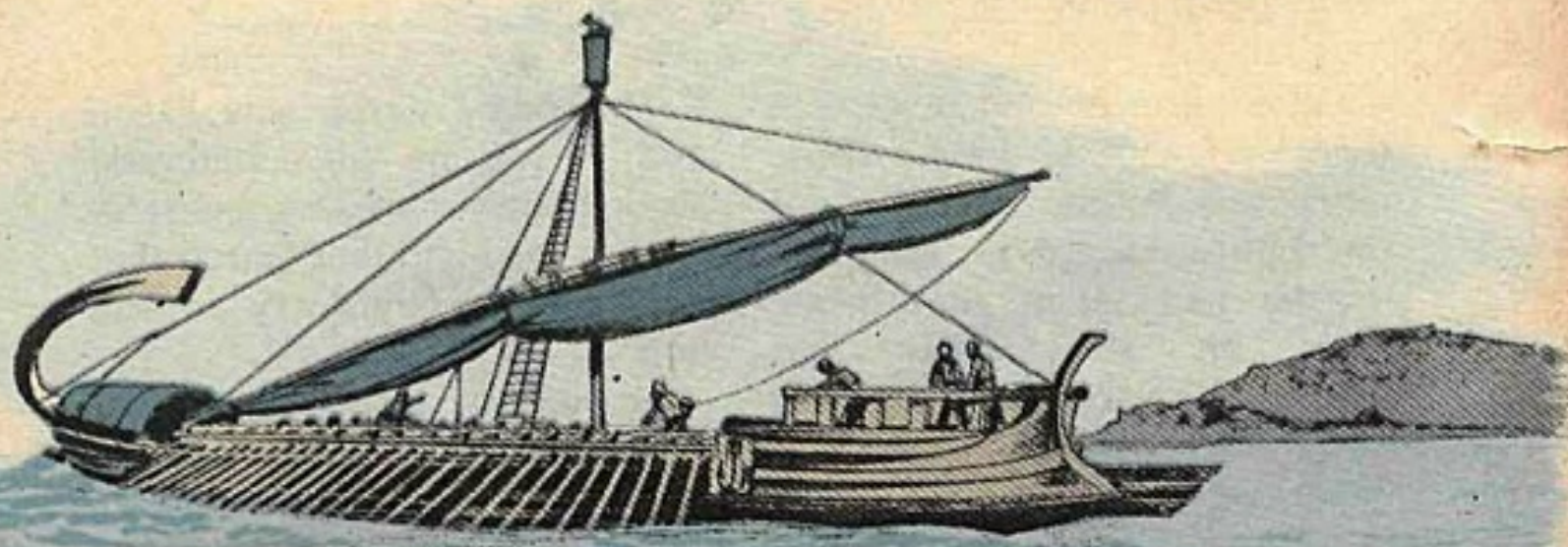
tall, handsome stranger. He offered him clean clothes, food to eat and wine to drink and when he asked his name, Jason replied, "I am Jason and I have come to claim back the kingdom which belonged to my father."

Now the king was even more afraid but he pretended to welcome Jason. He told him that he was weary of the problems and troubles of being a king. "There is a curse on this country," he said to Jason. "It will never be lifted until the Fleece of the Golden Ram is brought back here from the world's end."

"I will go and fetch the Golden Fleece," cried Jason, "and when I return with it I shall claim the kingdom."

This was just what Jason's uncle wanted for he was sure

**Jason set sail in his ship the Argo.**





that Jason would never return from such a dangerous journey. He also knew that the Golden Fleece was guarded by a dragon that breathed fire and no man could face it and return alive.

Jason set sail in his ship, the Argo, with a crew of the strongest and toughest men in the land, who were given the name of the Argonauts. He journeyed across the world and when he reached the distant land where the fleece was kept, he went at once to the king and asked if he could take the Golden Fleece back to his own country once more.

"The man who wishes to win the Fleece must first tame two bulls which breathe fire," said the king. "Then he must plough four acres of land with the bulls and sow the field with dragon's teeth. The teeth will grow into armed men and then he must kill them all."

Jason would not be beaten by these almost impossible tasks and he was determined to try, but Medea, the king's daughter, had fallen in love with the handsome Jason and she knew that without her help he would be killed. She gave Jason, secretly, a small glass bottle containing the juice of a magic

flower and told him that if he spread it over his body and his armour no harm would come to him.

The next morning Jason awoke and dressed, spreading the juice of the magic flower on his body and armour. Then he went out of the palace to fight with the two fire-breathing bulls. The magic potion protected him from their fiery breath and seizing their horns, he banged the bulls' heads together and forced them to be yoked to the plough.





After Jason had ploughed the four acre field he sowed the dragons' teeth and as soon as he had finished they grew into soldiers, who sprang up from the furrows in the earth and rushed to kill him. Quickly, Jason picked up a stone and hurled it amongst them. The stone hit a soldier on the head and thinking that it was his neighbour who had struck him, the soldier turned, drew his sword and killed him. Soon, all the soldiers were fighting among themselves, each one thinking that the other had started the fight. In the end not one of the men remained alive.

Jason went to the king and said, "Give me the Golden Fleece for I have done all the tasks that you set me."

"Tomorrow you will have your chance to win the Fleece," replied the king very angrily, for he suspected that his daughter, Medea, had helped Jason with the difficult tasks.

Medea had seen her father's angry face and she was afraid she would be punished, so that night she crept down to the shore where Jason's ship, the Argo, lay anchored. "Take me with you and save me from

my father's anger and I will show you how to get the Fleece," she told Jason.

The anchor was hauled up and the Argonauts rowed the boat up river until they came to a dark wood, where the Fleece hung on a sacred oak tree, guarded by the dragon that never slept. Medea led them through the wood and the dragon hissed and belched smoke and fire when it saw





them coming. Then Medea asked Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, who was the sweetest singer in all the land, to sing a song.

"It is the only way to defeat the fire-eating dragon," she said and Jason commanded Orpheus to sing.

Orpheus began to sing and soon the dragon had fallen asleep, lulled into sweet dreams

by the beautiful music. Jason took his sword and cut off the dragon's head and then lifted down the shining Golden Fleece from the tree.

They rowed away and after many adventures, Jason and his Argonauts reached home, where Jason claimed his right to the throne by showing the Golden Fleece to his uncle, King Pelias.







# Prince of Destiny

Two thousand years ago, there lived in the kingdom of Bharhut, a great philosopher and historian, whose name was Ashokanand. For many years he had been a widower, and his life was devoted to his only child, a beautiful girl named Devipriya, whom the astrologers said would one day become the mother of a son destined to be a great ruler.

Ashokanand liked to believe that the astrologers' predictions would become true, and he therefore hoped his daughter would marry a great prince. When no gallant prince came riding along, Ashokanand, bolstered up his courage and took his daughter to the palace

and begged an audience with the king.

In front of the king, Ashokanand never hesitated. After extolling his daughter's beauty and virtues, he calmly suggested that the king accept his daughter to become one of his queens. The king's face showed no expression, yet there was a faint flicker of amusement in his eyes. "It seems that you have an illustrious daughter, my good man, and as she is exceedingly lovely to look at, I shall make her one of my queens."

So Devipriya married the king, but life was not easy, as the other queens, jealous of her good looks, treated her badly,



and often invented malicious stories, hoping to cause her downfall.

As time went by, Devipriya had a son, a fine healthy boy who was named Vanishka. The young prince grew up well versed in the affairs of state and easily outshone his brother princes in the use of weapons. Nevertheless, the king had little time for Vanishka; for the apple of his eye was Prasand, a son by another of his queens. Prasand for all his good looks and proud bearing, lacked spirit and determination.

The king was growing old and his ministers were forever pestering him to name the heir-apparent. One of the king's chief confidants was a priest named Pingala, whom everyone respected for his wisdom and understanding. The king felt sure that Pingala favoured Prasand to accede to the throne, so he summoned the priest and said. "Tomorrow I bid you to summons all the princes, examine each one carefully, then tell me which of the princes should be the heir-apparent."

Prince Vanishka, knowing that the king was intent on naming Prince Prasand to succeed him, decided not to attend

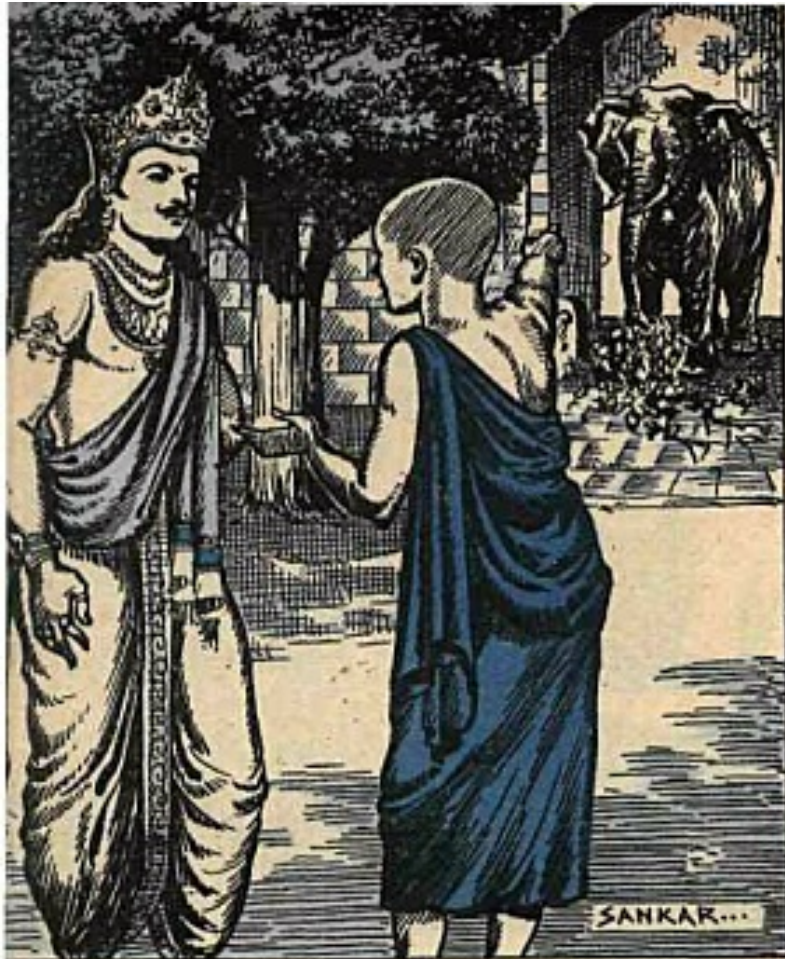


**The King commands Pingala, the priest, to hold an assembly**

the assembly, but his mother, remembering what the astrologers had foretold, begged him to go. At first the prince refused to be persuaded, then his closest friend, Radhagupt, the son of the chief minister, argued that it was his duty to be present at the assembly. In the end the prince reluctantly agreed to go.

The assembly of the princes was taking place outside the city walls and the prince said he would walk there. Radhagupt threw up his hands in horror, at the thought of his friend arriving at the assembly on foot,





Radhagupt tells the prince  
to use a state elephant

and persuaded the prince into using one of the ceremonial elephants, with its ornate howdah and trappings of gold and silver.

Pingala the priest, busy questioning the princes gathered at the assembly, was glad to see Prince Vanishka arrive in such state, but was sorely troubled as to how he could tell the king that Prince Prasand was totally unsuitable to become the heir-apparent. Then he had an idea, and turning to the king, solemnly announced that as all the princes were eligible, the choice should rest on the prince

who had arrived at the assembly on the most dignified mount.

The king, certain in his mind that the priest would want to please him by naming Prince Prasand, readily agreed. When later, the priest announced the name of Prince Vanishka, the king stormed out of the assembly, refusing to accept the verdict.

The following morning, news arrived at the palace, that an invading army had crossed the Indus and was threatening the kingdom. In order to get Prince Vanishka away from the palace, the king commanded him to lead the army against the invaders. The king thought that with Prince Vanishka away, he could easily persuade his ministers to accept Prince Prasand as his successor.

The ministers knew that Prince Prasand was too weak to rule the kingdom, but no one dare open his lips on behalf of Prince Vanishka, lest he should incur the wrath of the king. Then disturbing news came from the border, that the invading army had won a victory and Prince Vanishka had been forced to retreat. The king unjustly decreed that the prince was unfit to command the army,



and ordered that Prince Prasand should take over command.

Prince Prasand arrived at the border at the head of a hundred war elephants, two hundred chariots and more than a thousand soldiers. With this additional force, the Bharhut army soon drove back the invaders, and in a tremendous battle near the banks of the Indus, the invading army faced annihilation. But Prince Prasand had no heart or courage for fighting, and in the midst of the battle turned his chariot around and made for the rear and safety.

Unfortunately, some of the Bharhut troops seeing a chariot charge through their ranks, mistook the occupant for one of the enemy and loosened their bows at the oncoming

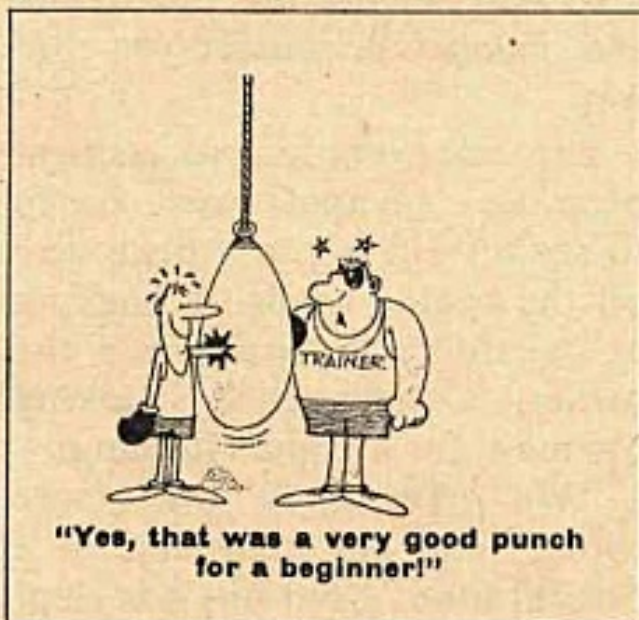


Prince Vanishka is commanded to lead the army

chariot. Prince Prasand pierced by a dozen arrows, was killed instantly.

When the news arrived at the palace, the king collapsed and it soon became obvious to his physicians, that the king was nearing his end. On his deathbed the king rallied for a while and in a weak voice told his ministers "My judgement was wrong. I hereby announce that Prince Vanishka shall be the heir-apparent."

After the king died, Prince Vanishka was crowned and proved himself the greatest ruler of ancient India.







# GHOSTS!

One often reads blood curdling stories of awesome ghosts haunting old houses and spending their time flitting from room to room, frightening people near to death. The nearest thing in everyday life to ghosts, is father, who when he reads his Income Tax assessment, turns as 'pale as a ghost.'

But here are two short stories of rather unusual ghosts.

## THE HAUNTED ROOM

Jayapal was an elderly scholar; a man who had learned and seen much of life. One day

Jayapal put his books on one side, and decided to go on a pilgrimage to the ancient city of Benaras.

It was a long journey, and Jayapal wandered contentedly through the country, finding food and shelter at the towns and villages he passed on the way.

Late one evening, with a storm brewing, Jayapal was lucky to see an old house a little way off the beaten track. Knocking at the door, Jayapal asked the owner, a melancholy looking old man, for a night's lodging.

"We have only one spare room," the old man said in a doleful tone. "No one has slept



in that room for years, because it is said to be haunted."

"Haunted?" Jayapal was skeptical. "I am not afraid of spirits and will gladly share the room with your ghost."

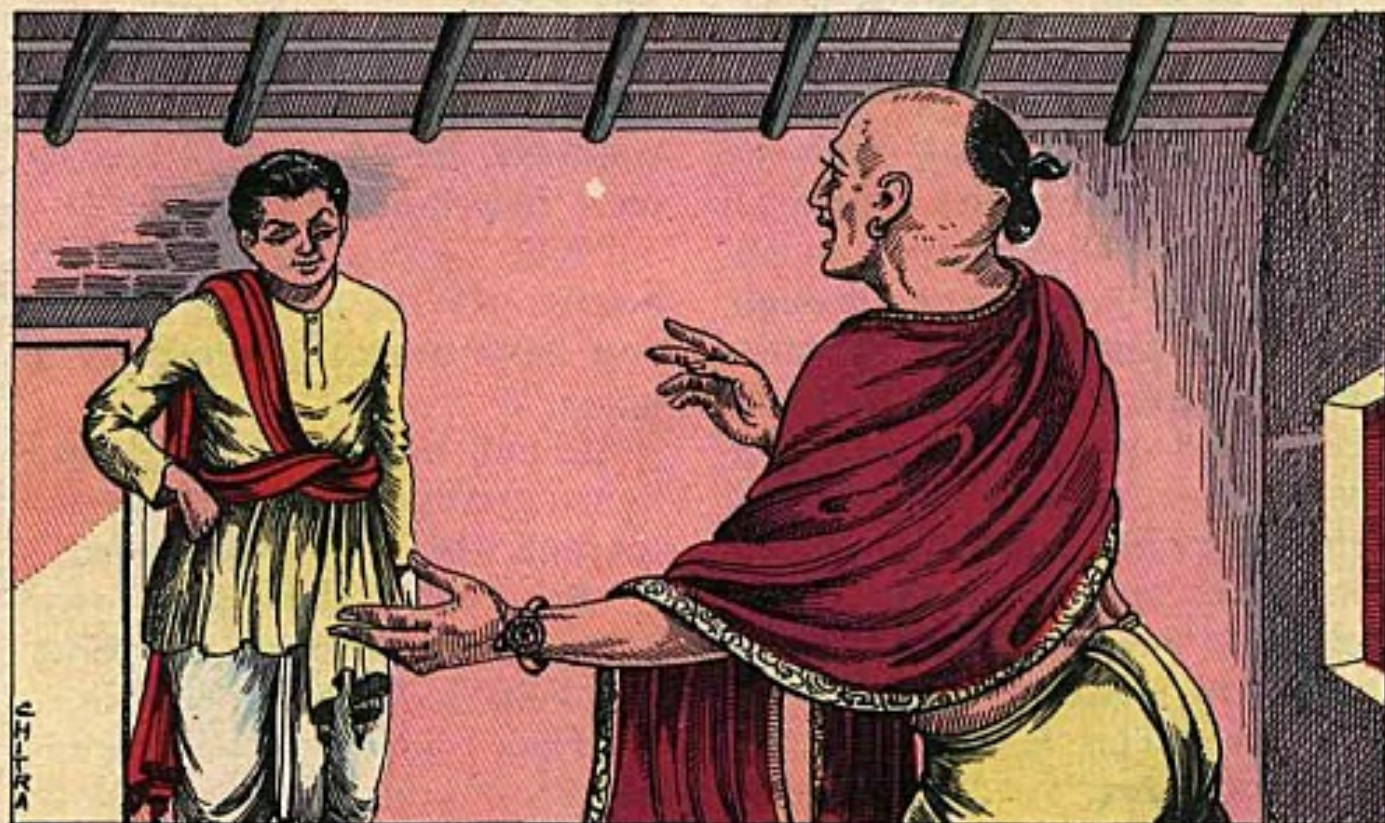
"This is no ordinary ghost," said the old man, shaking his head. "Years ago a maid servant hanged herself in that room and if anyone sleeps in the room her ghost comes in the middle of the night, and terrifies them to death."

Jayapal merely smiled. "I am sure your ghost will not disturb me unduly."

Later when Jayapal went to bed, he certainly found the room decidedly chilly, but this

he felt sure was because the room had not been used for many years. Tired after his day of travelling, Jayapal was soon fast asleep. It must have been well past midnight, when Jayapal was awakened by an eerie sound which seemed to come from a corner of the room.

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Jayapal peered closely, and in the wane moonlight coming through the window, it seemed that there was a white shrouded figure standing in the corner. As he watched, the apparition came closer, and then he could see it was the figure of a young woman with a horrible expression on her face. Without





uttering a sound, the ghost started putting out its tongue and making the most awful grimaces at Jayapal. At the same time waving its arms and legs as in some weird dance.

"Go away you silly woman," said Jayapal quite calmly. "You are disturbing my sleep". With that Jayapal settled himself comfortably in the bed and went off to sleep.

The following morning the owner of the house seemed quite surprised that Jayapal was still alive, and hastened to know if his guest had slept well.

"I had a good night's sleep", Jayapal said reassuringly. "It is a pleasant room and as I have been travelling for many days, I would like to rest here for two or three days."

That night Jayapal went to bed, and again in the depths of the night the ghost put in an appearance and went through the same antics as on the previous night. Jayapal sat up in bed, and went into peals of laughter. At such an outburst the wretched ghost stopped its antics and thrusting its face close to Jayapal announced in a hollow voice. "You are inhuman. This is no place for a good ghost."

Jayapal learnt sometime afterwards that the ghost had never been seen again.

## SELLING A GHOST

Sathar was a young lad with plenty of spirit. One day he decided to walk the five miles to a nearby town, where a fair was being held, in the hope of earning a few rupees as a labourer.

On the way he had to pass through a dark, gloomy forest. He had not gone very far into the forest, when he was sure someone was following silently behind him. Turning round suddenly, he was astonished to see a pale looking figure.

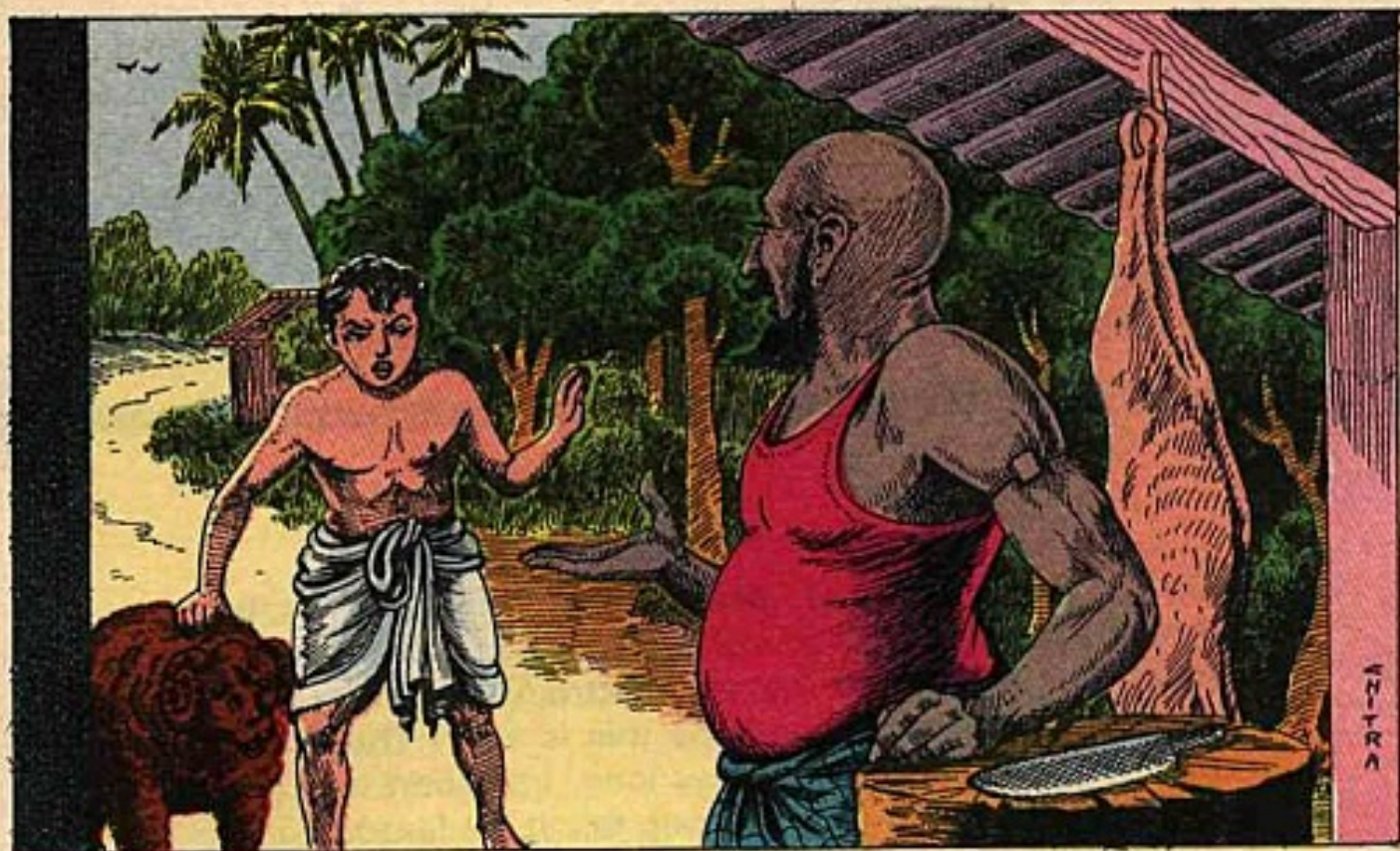
"Who are you?" he said boldly. "You look as though you have been frightened by a ghost."

"I am a ghost," said the figure grumpily. "And you are the one who should be scared."

"But I am a ghost too," replied Sathar. "Today I am going to the fair to frighten people."

"Then I will come with you," the ghost said.





The two walked for some distance without saying a word. The ghost suddenly stopped and wailed. "This is very tiring. Let's take turns in carrying each other."

"All right," Sathar retorted. "Jump on my back and I will carry you part of the way, then you can carry me."

When the ghost got on Sathar's back, Sathar was surprised to find that the ghost did not weigh anything at all. It was no trouble to carry the fellow. But after a time, Sathar put the ghost down and said it was now his turn to be carried.

No sooner had he clambered on the ghost's back, than the

ghost stated grumbling. "You are far too heavy for a ghost," he cried as he stumbled along. "What kind of a ghost are you?"

"I am only a young ghost," replied Sathar. "But if I am too heavy, I will carry you the rest of the way."

With the ghost perched on his shoulders, Sathar strode merrily along, and all went well until they came to a stream, at the sight of which the ghost let out an awesome shriek. "That's water," he yelled. "I am a dry weather ghost, and if I get wet I shall turn into an ordinary sheep."

"That's good news," chortled Sathar, and promptly ducked



the ghost into the middle of the stream. The ghost was right, for he promptly turned into a nice fat wooly ram.

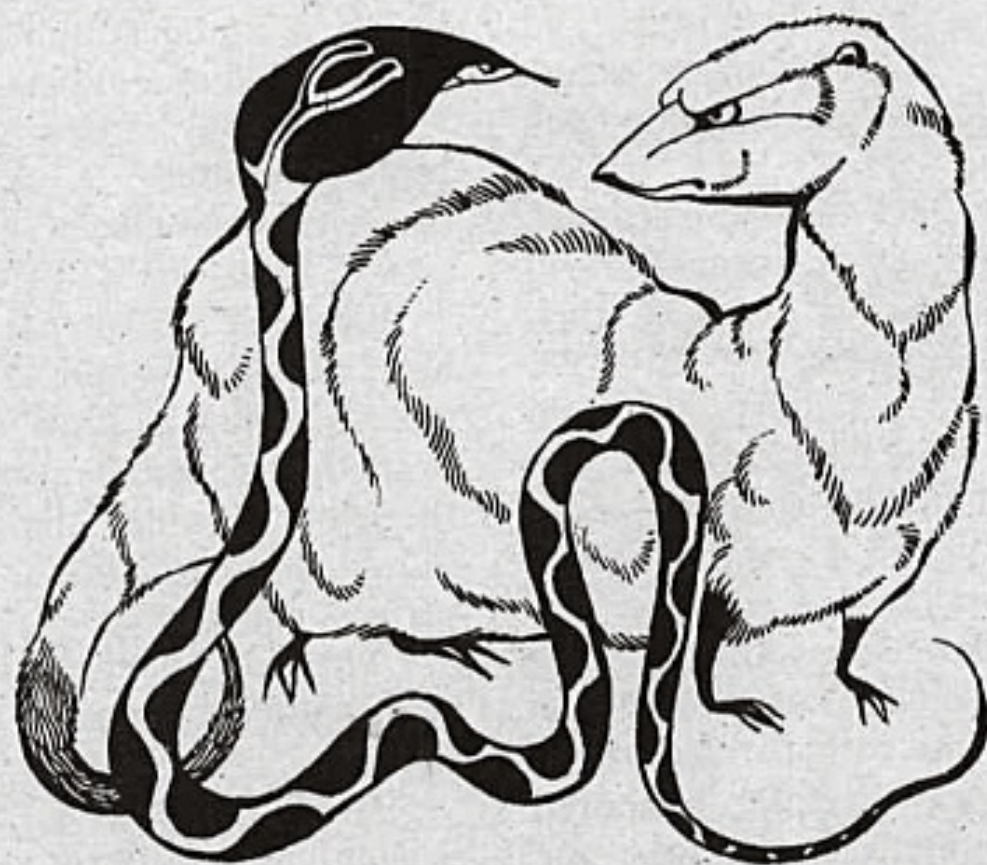
Sathar could see there was nothing ghostlike about this ram

and he proceeded to drive the animal to the fair, and sold it to a butcher for a goodly sum. So Sathar went home his pockets jingling with coins, and fondly hoping he would meet some more dry weather ghosts.

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### WHAT IS A MONGOOSE?

Do you know who Rikki-tikki-tavi was? If you do not, he was the mongoose in one of Rudyard Kipling's stories of India. The mongoose makes an attractive pet and, as it is related to the cat, perhaps this is why! The Indian mongoose is about 18 inches long, has short legs and is greyish in colour. It has a long tail. It is a famous killer of snakes—even the deadly cobra rarely, if ever, gets the better of the brave little mongoose. It hunts other animals also.





**SCIENCE**

Ascorbic Acid



**SCIENCE**

Chromium



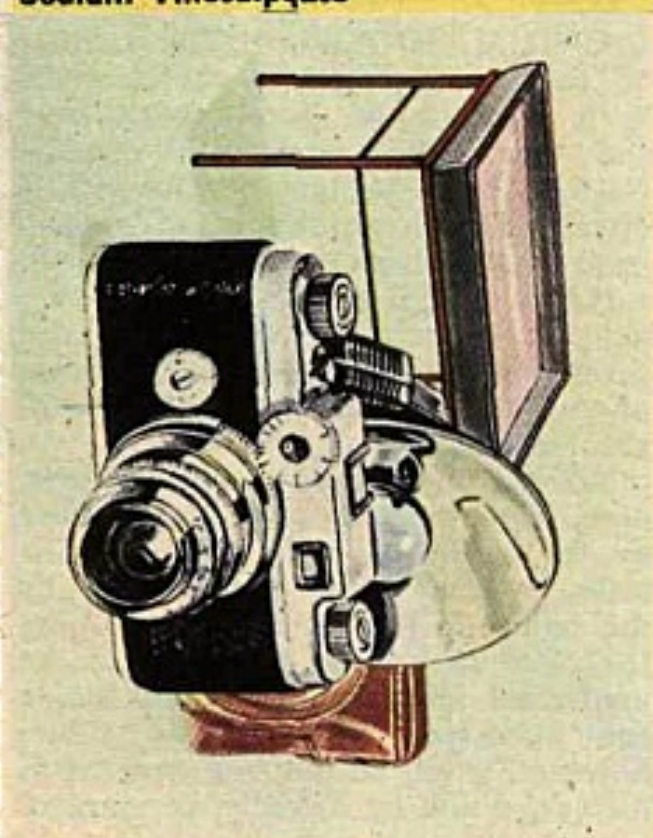
**SCIENCE**

Sodium Bicarbonate



**SCIENCE**

Sodium Thiosulphate





## SCIENCE

### Chromium

**CHROMIUM** is an element which was first isolated in 1797 by the French chemist, Louis Nicolas Vauquelin.

Most of the world's supply of chromium comes from Africa, although some is also found in Turkey and the U.S.S.R.

Today, chromium is very widely used in industry. It is the metal used in chromium plating and also in alloy steels. Some alloys containing chromium can withstand considerable heat and are also not easily corroded.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows a chromium plated frying pan and also corrosion on one piece of metal and the lack of corrosion on a piece of chromium alloy metal.

Compounds of chromium are also used in the manufacture of certain dyes and pigments.

## SCIENCE

### Sodium Thiosulphate

**SODIUM THIOSULPHATE** is widely used commercially in photography. It is the salt of thiosulphuric acid and has the chemical formula  $\text{Na}_2\text{S}_2\text{O}_3\cdot\text{H}_2\text{O}$ . Sodium thiosulphate is often called hyposulphite of soda—from which comes the name "hypo".

Hypo, as it is known commercially, has the property of dissolving both silver chloride and iodide. Because of this it can be used to fix a photographic plate.

When a photographic plate has been used, certain silver salts are reduced by the action of light to a metallic state, whereas those not reached by the light are unaffected. By soaking the plate in sodium thiosulphate the unaffected silver chloride and iodide are dissolved. The metallic silver, however, is left so that the negative is then fixed and is, virtually, permanent.

## SCIENCE

### Ascorbic Acid

**ASCORBIC** acid is more commonly known as vitamin C and is necessary in the diet of certain animals—including man. Other animals have the ability to make the vitamin themselves.

It has the chemical formula  $\text{C}_6\text{H}_8\text{O}_6$  and is related to some of the simple sugars.

Absence of vitamin C leads to the disease known as scurvy. This disease can be effectively treated by giving the patient tablets of vitamin C.

Ascorbic acid is present in a number of fruits like oranges, lemons and grapes. A normal adult man needs about 30 milligrams of ascorbic acid a day to keep him in good health.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows grapes, a lemon and a bottle of vitamin tablets.

## SCIENCE

### Sodium Bicarbonate

**SODIUM BICARBONATE** has the chemical formula  $\text{NaHCO}_3$  and has many uses in the modern world.

Its chief uses, however, are in cooking and in medicine.

Sodium bicarbonate is used in the preparation of baking powder. Sodium bicarbonate is mixed, as a rule, with tartaric acid and added to dough when cakes or biscuits are being prepared. This mixture, which is known as baking powder, causes carbon dioxide to be formed which aerates the dough and makes it rise.

The picture on the other side of this index card shows some biscuits and also a bottle containing bicarbonate of soda. Bicarbonate of soda is a white powder and is sometimes kept in a dark bottle, although it is not really affected by strong sunlight.



## THE STORY OF THE COVER



*Please Sir, I want some more!*

A DEATHLY silence descended on the dark, damp, steamy hall where some poor children were eating a meagre breakfast of gruel. One of their number, a boy they knew as Oliver Twist, had risen from the table and, bowl in hand, approached the grim-looking fat man who was ladling out the gruel. High and clear came the boy's voice. "Please Sir, I want some more!" Poor Oliver. The fat man happened to be the master of the workhouse where the boys were confined, and he aimed a blow at Oliver's head. If you would like to know what became of Oliver, why not read the book *Oliver Twist*, by Charles Dickens?

The English writer Francis Toye tells of a schoolmaster he had at Winchester who enjoyed a reputation for short reports to parents. On one occasion he wrote of a certain boy, "Trying," which delighted the boy's parents until the next report came in. This one read, "Very trying."



**"Good day, my lord Abbot.  
You look weighed down with  
troubles," said the shepherd.**





# KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT

One day, King John and his courtiers rode to Canterbury. There they stayed with the Abbot, who looked after them and entertained them well.

King John saw how rich the Abbot of Canterbury was and he grew more and more envious. "I am beginning to think you are richer than I am," he said.

The Abbot saw the greedy look in the king's eyes. "Oh, no, Your Majesty," he said. "I am only a poor subject. It would not be right for a subject to be richer than his king."

"It certainly would not be right," replied the king. "But you are supposed to be a clever man. If you can answer me three questions, you may keep your wide lands and your wealth."

"What are the three questions?" asked the Abbot, alarmed.

"Firstly," said the king, "you must tell me how much money I am worth. Secondly you must tell me how quickly I may ride round the world and thirdly you must tell me what

I am thinking. If, within three days, you cannot answer my questions, you will lose your head."

Then the king rode away, leaving the worried Abbot scratching his head in despair.

The Abbot went to his library and searched all day, but he found no answer to the three questions. He hardly slept a wink that night.

Next day, the Abbot rode around his great estates and as he went, he passed a shepherd. The Abbot did not notice him, until the shepherd called out, "Good day to you, my lord Abbot. You look weighed down with troubles."

Glad of someone with whom to share his unhappiness, the Abbot replied, "I have much to be unhappy about. By tomorrow, I must answer three questions which the king has set and if I fail, he will cut off my head and take all the Abbey lands for his own."

"That is terrible news indeed," replied the shepherd.



"Tell me, what are the questions?"

"First, I must tell the king how much money he is worth," replied the Abbot. "Then I must tell him how quickly he may ride round the world and lastly I must tell him exactly what he is thinking."

The shepherd thought for a little while. "These are not easy questions my lord Abbot," he replied. "But I think I can answer them. We are the same height and the same build and I am sure that if we changed clothes, I could easily be taken for you. I will go to see the king in your place and answer his questions for you."

The Abbot was puzzled, for he did not know how a humble shepherd could succeed where he, a clever man, had failed, but finally he agreed.

Next day, the shepherd set off for the king's court, dressed as the Abbot. When he was taken before the king, he was careful to keep his hood drawn over his face, so that the king could not see his features clearly.

"Well, my lord Abbot, have you brought me the answers to my questions?" asked the king.

"I have, Your Majesty," replied the shepherd.

"Then tell me first how much I am worth," said the king.

"That is simple. The answer is twenty-nine pieces of silver, Your Majesty," said the shepherd.

"Twenty-nine pieces of silver?" asked the astonished king. "Surely I am worth more than that."

"Our Lord was sold for thirty pieces of silver," replied the shepherd. "And I think you will agree that you are worth one piece less than He, Your Majesty."

The king roared with laughter. "I cannot deny it," he said. "But tell me now, how soon can I ride round the world?"

"Why, you must get up with the sun and ride with him and you will go round the world in twenty-four hours," replied the shepherd.

"You are very clever, my lord Abbot," said the king. "But I am sure you cannot answer my third question. Tell me exactly what I am thinking".

"Oh, that is easy, Your Majesty," replied the shepherd. "You think I am the Abbot of Canterbury, but I am only a poor shepherd who has taken his place." Then the shepherd threw back his hood so that the





**The shepherd threw back his hood so that the king could see his face.**

king could see his face.

The courtiers cheered and King John smiled grimly. "You are a clever man, shepherd," he said. "Go back and tell your Abbot that you have won both his lands and his life for

him. I am well pleased with your wit and your answers and I will let the Abbot go free."

By his cleverness, the shepherd had saved both the Abbot's life and the Abbey lands from the king.





To Subscribers . . .

Address-changes are recorded during the first week so as to see that subscriber mailing of the different CHANDAMAMAs commencing in the second week is not delayed. For this same reason requests received after 5th have often to be held over till the next mailing. It would, therefore, be convenient if changes in addresses are communicated to us at the month-beginning.

We seek your co-operation.

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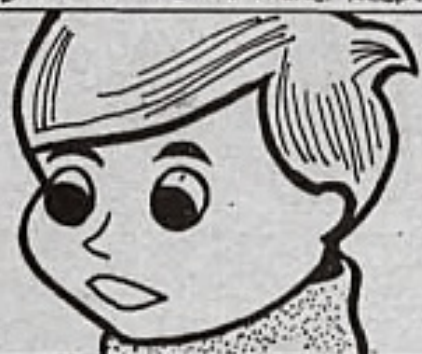
## Playing it right...

We played a cricket match in school today Daddy. But I got out very soon.

Why son, what happened?



Sunil bowled a short ball. I tried to cut, but edged a catch to the wicket-keeper.



Bad luck! But there are other strokes to deal with short balls. For instance, you can play the hook. Move to your right so that the ball comes high up at your left. Hit with an upward swing of the bat.



And if you hit with full force you will swing round completely. You may even find yourself facing the wicket-keeper!



Now then, it's nearly eight-thirty, son. Off to bed. Have you brushed your teeth?

I washed my mouth after dinner, Dad.



That won't do son. You must brush your teeth every night and morning, to remove all decay-causing food particles. You must also massage the gums, so they'll be healthy and strong.



Yes, Daddy.

Come, let's both brush our teeth with Forhan's toothpaste.



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the toothpaste  
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●● for my  
birthday  
dad?...  
I want  
a box of  
camel  
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Dad, Raju has a box of Camel colours.  
He paints lovely pictures  
with them—the colours are so  
bright and beautiful. He says they last  
longer as well. That's why I want  
a box of colours for my birthday.  
Won't you get it for me Dad?

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